LADY CARAVEN;

Or Married Above Her Station.

Then came Arley Ransome's scheme, the plan that he had brooded over for long years. He was the son of a lawer who had not succeeded very well in the world, and he had vowed to succeed himself. He had studied the law—he was a keen, clever, shrewd man; but his fortune had been made by money-lending. His practice as a lawyer brought him into contact with moneyed people, also with people who wanted money, and he made the most of his advantages; he had acquired an enormous fortune. His money-lending business was carried on under another name in another part of the city; his plan was to sent all his needy clients to this office, and his gains were enormous.

He lived for an object, and it was ambition. To his bitter sorrow he had no son; but he was determined that his daughter should marry one whose position and title should shed their reflected glory on him. To be the father of a countess, to speak of his daughter as the Countess of Caraven, was the height of his ambition—and now it was to be gratified.

CHAPTER III.

Arley Ransome had decided upon telling his daughter of the future that awaited her. He was not quite sure of her. He had studied law in all its branches, money-making in all its forms; but he had not studied character—his daughter was almost a stranger to him. She had been educated abroad. Her mother died soon after her birth, and he, devoted to business, had not cared to have a child to distract his attention. He lived then at his chambers. But when Hildred was seventeen he went over to Germany to see her, and was charmed with her. He found her highly educated, brilliantly accomplished and intelligent, and, in his opinion, she gave great promise of a beautiful womanhood.

She was not a beautiful girl, but she was striking and distinguished-looking. If one entered a room full of people, and she was there, her face would strike one first; it would be remembered the longest. It was a face indicative of capability, Spanish in its coloring. Her grandfather was a Spaniard, and something of the spirit of the old cavaliers of Spain had descended to her.

The hopes in which Mr. Ransome had indulged became almost certainties to him when he saw his daughter. She must marry well, and his ambition must be gratified through her! He had no son. On this dark-eyed girl must develop the duty of carrying out his schemes.

He smiled to himself as he thought that on his book he had the names of noblemen who would be thankful for a wife with such a fortune as he could give Hildred. He had but to choose amongst them, and his choice fell upon the Earl of Caraven. His title was the most ancient, his estates were the largest, his ruin was most complete.

"I could build up one or two more earldoms," thought the ambitious lawyer to himself. "Who says that money is not the prop of the world?"

He decided at once on taking a house in the outskirts of London and installing his daughter as mistress there. It was done at once, and then Mr. Ransome began to put his scheme into action. He knew that the young earl had come to the end of his resources. It would all be plain sailing for him now.

But there was one person he had not taken into account, and that was his daughter. He had never dreamed of anything except blind submission from her. Now he began to ask himself, "Will she object?" She had plenty of character, plenty of spirit, life, activity, energy. Would she submit to his barter and exchange? Would she blush and smile after the fashion of girls who are delighted? Would she be pleased to be a countess, or would she draw herself up in disdain, and tell him she was to be neither bought nor sold? He was doubtful as to which it would be, and he, therefore, approached the subject with some little hesitation.

That same evening—for it was a rule of Arley Ransome's to do quickly what required doing at all—he told her. He remembered it long years afterwards—as did she.

It was a lovely June evening, and the world seemed to be full of music and perfume. The sun had set, and dim mystical twilight lay over the land, enshrouding the river and the tall green trees; the birds seemed loath to give up singing; now and then a faint sweet song stirred the dewy air. It was one of those evenings on which it seems impossible to believe in anything but what is good and true and beautiful, when the dew and the flowers and the sunset take our hearts and thoughts to heaven.

Hildred had gone through the grounds down to the banks of the river; she sat watching the color of the water change as the twilight deepened. A tall beech tree with superb spreading branches grew near; the grass was studded with white and golden flowers. There Arley Ransome found her, the daughter on whom he had built all his hopes of fame and fortune, her dark eyes fixed on the tranquil stream, her white hands lying listlessly on her knees.

"Hildred," said Arley Ransome, "I have something very particular to say to you. I will sit down by your side. How gloriously beautiful the river looks to-night!"

Hildred Ransome loved her father—he was the only relative she had except a cousin, whom she had never seen—but it was not with the ordinary love of a girl for her father. She had not quite made up her mind about him. She watched him with keen interest, and the sharp-witted, keen, shrewd lawyer, who could frighten a witness into saying anything he wished him to say, shrank before the dark eyes of his daughter.

She looked up at him now with some little curiosity. What had he to say to her? How was it that the clear gaze of those dark eyes troubled him so greatly?

"Something to say to me?" she repeated dreamily. "You could not have chosen a better time for saying it, papa. I never care to talk on nights like these; I can only listen."

"The brightest hope of my life has been accomplished to-day, Hildred," he began; "that which I have longed for has been given me. I have been pleased proud and happy."

He saw that her interest was awakened, that her eyes brightened. She looked earnestly at him.

"Pleased, proud and happy? That seems a great deal, papa."

"It means a great deal, Hildred. To-day the Earl of Caraven has asked permission to make you his wife."

He had stretched the point; but of what service would it have been to have studied law if he had had to keep up to facts?

If he had expected any demonstration of delight he was disappointed. She made him none. She did not blush, or look pleased or displeased; the calmness of her face was unbroken.

"The Earl of Caraven. That is the gentleman I saw to-day, papa."

"Yes, that was Lord Caraven, and he wishes to make you his wife."

"But how can that be, papa? He has seen me only once. Why should he wish to marry me?"

"That I cannot say, Hildred," he answered; "I am better versed in law than in love; I can only repeat what I have told you. The earl wishes you to be his wife."

The dark, eloquent eyes travelled slowly from his face to the river, and then back to the shrewd, eager countenance."

"And that is the dream of your life, papa—that I marry him?"

"That you marry some one who has title and position to give you," he replied. "Yes, I have built my hopes on it; that is my way to greatness, my ambition realized."

"I liked him very well," she replied, with an air of calm musing; "he is very handsome. But I know little about him."

"Liked him!" repeated Mr. Ransome. "That is a cold word. I can tell you, Hildred, that some of the loveliest women in London would be flattered at receiving attention from him."

"Then why does he not marry one of those lovely women?" she asked, quietly.

"Because he has asked to marry you, Hildred."

She thought for a few moments in silence, and then she said—

"I should be a countess, I suppose, papa. One of the girls from St. Roche, our school, became a countess—every one envied her; but her marriage was not a happy one."

"All marriages would be happy if women expected only a little less than they do and were rational," he said hastily.

She knitted her fair white brow, while she thought deeply, silently.

"The Earl of Caraven wants to marry me, papa—did he say that he loved me?"

"Gentlemen seldom speak to lawyers about love," he replied impatiently. "This is not a mere sentimental nonsensical love affair; it is of far greater importance. Give it your serious attention, Hildred; put aside all the nonsense."

Again the dark eyes wandered from the rippling river to the blue sky, to the green trees, the soft dewy grass, the sleeping flowers—wandered uneasily, as though reading something there that did not harmonize with her father's words; then she spoke to him—years afterwards she remembered her words.

"That is your dream, papa—to see me Countess of Caraven. Tell me—I have been at school all my life, and I know so little of real life—it seems to me that have done nothing but study—I have read few novels, I know nothing of what people call love, but you, my father, would not deceive me—tell me, is love a needless part of marriage? Is it right to marry without it? Are people happy without it?"

He made no answer; he could not look into those dark, eloquent eyes and say what he knew to be false.

"Because," she continued, "in those few novels which I have read, love was the *motif*, the pivot on which everything else turned; those who married without it were punished, those who had it overcame every obstacle. That was all wrong then?"

"Novels are only fiction, Hildred; you cannot believe anything in them."

"I thought they were pictures of real life," she rejoined.

"Only ideal pictures; and, as love happens to be a pretty peg on which writers can hang pretty thoughts and words, they make the most of it. In reality it is all nonsense."

And those dark, earnest eyes were raised to his.

"You assure me of that, papa—that love is nothing but nonsense?"

A moment's fancy, a dream of a beautiful young face, of dark eyes looking into his, of sweet lips he had kissed with a fast beating heart in the moonlight, came to him. He drove the memory away. She was looking at him with expectant face, with parted lips and anxious eyes.

"I ask you," she continued, "because I say this to myself, papa—if there be no need for love—if love is only the poet's dream and the novelist's chief resource—why, then I may just as well be Countess of Caraven as anything else."

"Most decidedly," he replied, with an air of relief.

"But," she went on, "if there is a reality of love, if love be needful for happiness, do not let me marry without it. You are my father, my only friend—I appeal to you."

He asked Heaven to pardon him for answering such an appeal falsely. He looked profoundly wise.

"My dear Hildred," he said, "you express yourself so oddly. I believe that the greater part of what you read and hear about love is the greatest nonsense—the happiest marriages are founded on esteem."

"But I do not know enough of Lord Caraven to esteem him," she replied slowly.

"Some of the happiest marriages," continued the lawyer, "have been when people have learned to love each other after marriage."

"Then love does creep in before or after?" she said.

"Possibly in many cases. The most sensible way of looking at marriage is this. It is a civil contract between two people who can best make their way in the world by going through life together—for instance, a young farmer marries a girl whose dowry enables him to improve his farm, while her education gives him an interest in it; a nobleman with an impoverished estate and an ancient title marries a city heiress, whose grandfather was perhaps a soap-boiler."

She was listening in amazement.

"A civil contract!" she said, slowly. "I thought marriage was a religious ceremony, papa?"

"So it is, certainly, most decidedly. I am only speaking of it from my point of view."

"Is your point of view the same as other people's, papa?"

"All sensible people have the same ideas on the subject," he replied; and again his daughter's eyes sought the lovely gleaming river.

"I did not think," continued Hildred, slowly, "that marriage was a contract of any kind. I had a different idea of it. I thought it took place when two souls were attracted insensibly to each other, and life became nobler and better and higher because of their love; and I thought that same love began in time and ended in eternity."

Arley Ransome looked in wonder at his daughter.

"Hildred," he said, "I hope you are not going to turn romantic."

"I hope not," she replied quietly. "You have told me the truth, papa, and though it has astonished me, I thank you for it—one should not have false notions. I have asked because it strikes me that it will be a terrible thing to marry without love, and then for love to come afterwards."

The lawyer held up his hands in horror.

"Such a thing could not be. Every woman with a well-regulated mind loves her husband; every husband in the same way loves his wife."

"Then, if I marry the Earl of Caraven now," she said quietly, "I shall learn to love him afterwards?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a wish that she were not so earnestly sincere.

"I have not thought of marrying," she continued, in the same earnest, simple tone. "You see, papa, there was nothing to make me think of it. There were no gentlemen at St. Roche, and I have been so busy with my books. I liked study. I like it now. I like the idea, too, of being a countess—it has a pleasant sound—'Lady Caraven.' And you are quite sure, papa, that I shall love my—love Lord Caraven after marriage, if not before?"

"I am quite sure," he replied, with unnecessary fervor.

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Papa," she said, "do you remember the song that I sang to you last night?"

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

"Yes, I remember it, Hildred. What about it?"

"Why, what does it mean—nothing half so sweet in life?" If I marry the Earl, shall I have no 'Love's young dream'?"

His eyes drooped uneasily from hers. He knew he was deceiving her, and she trusted so entirely in him.

"You ask me the most extraordinary questions," he replied. "My dear Hildred, you do expect me to extract common sense from novels and poems? I can tell you what will be much more useful to you than talking about love. As Countess of Caraven you will be one of the most popular ladies in London. You will have two magnificent homes—Ravensmere Castle in Devonshire, a fine old castle, and Holly House in town. You will have diamonds to wear. You will go to court. You will rank among the peeresses of the realm. You will have wealth, rank, fashion, gaiety, influence, all at your command. You will be able to gratify every wish of your heart. The whole world will flatter you and pay you homage. You will have all that a woman's heart holds most dear."

"Except love—and that is to come afterwards," she said.

"Certainly. You seem to think a great deal of this same love, too, Hildred?"

"Yes; because I know, papa, that is what some women's hearts hold most dear."

"Quite right. You will find all that kind of thing come quite right, my dear. Now what is your answer, Hildred?"

She looked round once more in her thoughtful fashion. The faint light gleamed on the river. The faint light was dying in the daffodil sky. The westward wind stirred the green boughs; the song of the birds, the ripples of the river, the whisper of the wind, were all repeating the refrain of the song—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.'

What was it like, this dream that was to come to her—after marriage, not before—this dream that seemed to send poets and novelists mad, since they wrote and sang so much about it—this love for which some considered the world well lost, and which her clear-headed, sensible father said was all nonsense? She would have liked to know something of it. Love's young dream—what did it do to the dreamers? Did it make the world any fairer? She wondered if there were people for whom the dream faded and who were married afterwards. She was so long silent that the lawyer became uneasy; there was no telling what answer she might give.

"Your answer, Hildred," he said again. She turned slowly to him.

"I will marry the Earl," she said simply. He looked delighted.

"I shall see him and tell him to-morrow," he said. "Now remember, Hildred, this is a very solemn matter. You cannot go back after you have once pledged your word."

"I shall not want to go back," she said. "It is a fair destiny—why should I wish to change it? Countess of Caraven! When shall I see him—the Earl—again, papa?"

Arley Ransome could not suppress a slight pang of reproach. If she expected to find a gallant wooer in the spendthrift Earl she would be woefully disappointed. It would be best perhaps to prepare her.

"Very soon, and I am quite sure that he will be pleased. But, Hildred, I want to say something else to you. Common people have common customs. When Darby goes to woo Joan he sits with his arm round her waist. Men like"—then he grew confused, remembering that men were alike all the world over—"men like the Earl woo in a different fashion."

"What is their fashion?" she asked quietly.

"They say little of love—they talk no nonsense—they send princely presents of diamonds and jewels—they prove their love by actions more than by words."

"I see." Then she added naively: "Do you know, papa, I think I should like what you call the Darby-and-Joan fashion best."

Her simplicity appalled him, remembering what the Earl had said—that he would do his best to make her happy, but that he should never like her. Arley Ransome began to wonder how it would end.

"Are there no Darbies and Joans in high life, papa?" she asked.

"My dear Hildred, high rank has great responsibilities. Men like Lord Caraven have something more to think of than love—that is very well for schoolgirls and beardless cornets. Try to forget it, and think of the brilliant future that awaits you as Lady Caraven. You will be a beautiful woman, Hildred, and I shall see my hopes realized in you. Then I may tell the Earl it is all settled?"

"Will he not say anything to me himself?" she asked.

Now that she had promised to marry him, she began to recall his face. It was very handsome, indolently handsome; she thought it would be pleasant to see those blue eyes of his warm and brighten, to see the handsome face grow earnest and eloquent; besides, she would like to hear what he had to say. Her heart beat faster as she thought of it, of course he would not call her "Honored Miss," and kneel down as the heroes in old-fashioned stories did; but he would talk to her, he would tell her why, from the whole world of women, he had chosen her. Sweet words would have a pleasant sound coming from him.

"He will speak to me himself?" she repeated plaintively.

"Of course, later on—not just now perhaps; he is not a bold wooer, your handsome Earl, Hildred. You are sure to think him reserved and cold; in time all that will wear away. I may tell him to-morrow that you accept his offer?"

"Yes," she replied.

And then, to her surprise, her father, who was one of the most undemonstrative of men, bent down and kissed her.

"You have made me very happy," he said.

"Why, papa, one would think you wanted this marriage!" she cried. "You seem very anxious about it."

"It is my hope realized, Hildred," he said gravely. "I am very happy."

Then he rose and left her seated by the river side.

"Lady Caraven—Hildred, Lady Caraven!" She repeated the words to herself; they had a pleasant sound, and it was pleasant to think that she would be a countess—pleasant to remember that the handsome young Earl had sought her in marriage. How little she had dreamed of this when she sat down by the river-side an hour before!

He would come to see her on the morrow, there was no doubt. What would it be like—this brilliant life in which gaiety, fashion, love and happiness were all to have their part? The light had died in the western skies, the birds sung their last song, the flowers were all asleep, but it seemed to Hildred Ransome that she would never sleep again; the restless beating heart was stirred for the first time from its passionless rest. It was fancy, of course—all fancy—but the long, low wash of the waves certainly sang "Love's Young Dream." It must be fancy, but the wind did whisper it—

There's nothing half so sweet in life.

"I will go in," thought Hildred, "and sing something that will take the sound of those words from me."

It so happened that the first sheet of music she took up was Mrs. Jameson's pathetic ballad, set to sweet, sad music—

I have had joy and sorrow, I have proved
What Life could give—have loved and been beloved;
I am sick and heartsore
And weary—let me sleep;
But deep—deep—
Never to waken more!

The words struck her with new meaning. "Have loved and been loved"—it was like Theckla's song—

I have tasted the highest bliss
I have loved and been beloved.

This was not in accordance with her father's assurance that love was all nonsense.

But then she had forgotten that these were poets writing according to their lights—only poets, and not to be believed. It was perhaps a pity, after all, she thought, that they—those sweet singers—should teach people to estimate things so falsely—should try to place love above everything else—above wealth, fame, rank, title, gold—when her father, a shrewd, clever man, assured her that it was but nonsense—that people were better and happier without it.

She felt very wise, very superior to these poets. Life had higher things than love, she said to herself. It was very well in its way. She, for one, was quite content not to know it. Life held duties—noble duties, noble work. What was love but recreation? It was very well for schoolgirls to talk of in whispers, or for poets to write sweet, sad rhymes about; but for men and women—her father perhaps was right—it was better to be without it.

When this lover of hers came on the morrow, would he mention love to her, or what would he talk about? She sighed as she rose from the piano, flattering herself that she had sung all sentiment away—sighed with a sweet, half sad longing.

And then, after all her trouble—after singing to drive the words away—after moralizing and trying to make herself a stoical philosopher at 18—she found herself, as she went to her room, singing—

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!

CHAPTER IV

Hildred Ransome was engaged to be married; she was to be Lady Caraven, and on this day her lover was to visit her.

Arley Ransome went off to business early. The first thing he did was to send a note to the Earl, saying that all difficulty was removed; his daughter had consented. The only thing remaining was for him to ask her to settle the wedding-day.

Lord Caraven read it through, then crushed it in his hands, and finally tore it into shreds and threw it under his feet. He had not brought himself to a proper state of submission yet. He would have given the whole world to escape from Arley Ransome; but the choice was plain enough—ruin, shame and despair, or marriage with the dark-eyed girl who was "not his style," and whom he was quite sure he should never like.

Then his thoughts veered round a little. It would be pleasant to restore Ravensmere Castle to its old prestige—it would be pleasant to pay his debts—to feel the load of care and anxiety removed from him—it would be pleasant to take his place in the world again. As for the price, he must pay it. If Arley Ransome would not save him upon any other conditions, he must marry his daughter. If the father was content to give his child to one who honestly owned he did not like her, surely he need not pity her. Surely, again, if she were willing to marry a man whom she had seen only once, she herself deserved no pity.

The marriage should take place in due course. The Ransomes had as it were drawn him—nay, forced him into it. The consequences must recoil upon themselves. In his own mind he considered the daughter quite as bad as the father—indeed he made little distinction between them. The union was to be; there was no further need for scruple. They wanted his title, he wanted their money. He would be civil to them; they could not expect more.

On that evening Hildred Ransome received a letter and a ring. The envelope bore a crest, and she knew at once that it was from Lord Caraven. The contents were short, but to the purpose; it was not a love letter, for there was no semblance of love in it.

MY DEAR MISS RANSOME,—I have to thank you for your consent to my [then came a word that had been carefully obliterated and "wishes" written over it]. With your permission I will call to-morrow. I have sent you an engagement ring—will you wear it? I am yours [here there was an illegible word]
ULRIC CARAVEN.

She laid the letter down with a sigh and a smile. She had fancied that a love-letter would be very different. She opened the little parcel that accompanied the note; it contained a magnificent diamond ring—her engagement ring. She placed it on her finger, and the sun falling on it made it shine like fire. Still, as she looked at it, her eyes filled with tears. She would have liked some one to put the ring on her finger; although she was engaged to be married, and was to be a countess, she felt very lonely and desolate.

Arley Ransome smiled when he saw the ring. At least it was an earnest of good things to come.

"Very nice, very appropriate," said the lawyer—"really a ring suitable for the coming Lady Caraven."

The day after brought Lord Caraven himself.

That interview was something to be remembered. Mr. Ransome, hoping to make matters smooth and pleasant, had invited his future son-in-law to dine with him, and that he might not feel dull had asked the humorous and brilliant talker Mr. Carwey to join them.

It was well that he had done so, for the actual presence of her lover seemed to strike Hildred dumb. She looked at him whenever she found that he was looking elsewhere. She thought him very handsome. His indolent, careless grace contrasted so favorably with her father's sharp, brisk manner. She wondered why the Earl looked worn and haggard. He was only 27, her father said. She wondered, too, why he was not more *empressé* in his manner. He took her down to dinner, and the only words they exchanged was about the warmth of the day. During dinner, they never spoke, save for the most ordinary civilities. When dinner was over, the Earl evidently preferred the society of Mr. Carwey to hers.

"Why had he asked to marry her if he did not care to talk to her?" she said to herself. "How strange it was!" Then her father invited Mr. Carwey to have a game of chess, and the Earl walked slowly across the room to where she was sitting. He stood by her side, tall, stately, despite his indolent grace of manner. Her heart beat. What was he going to say? He bent his head somewhat stiffly.

"I have to thank you, Miss Ransome,' he said "for honoring me by wearing my ring."

She looked up at him, and there was something in the calm gaze of the pure eyes before which he shrank as her father had done.

"You wished me to wear it, did you not?" she asked. "My father thought so.'

"Certainly. I am delighted."

Try as he would, he could not conceal *soupcon* of irony. She detected it and looked at him again. He bowed and continued—

"I am fortunate indeed. I have to ask you, Miss Ransome, now that you have consented to—to become Lady Caraven, to tell me when—that is to say—what day will suit you."

"Day for what?" she asked innocently.

"A day to be married on," he replied.

A look of rebuke stole over the girlish face.

"You spoke of it so lightly," she said, "that I fancied you meant a day for going out somewhere. You spoke as if you were asking me to arrange a day for boating on the river."

"What shall I say then?" he asked, smiling despite his annoyance.

"It is not for me to tell you," she replied, in all simplicity.

He laughed aloud.

"Shall I say 'Loveliest, fairest'?"

With an air of grave displeasure she rose from her seat.

"Lord Caraven, I will hear no more," she said; "your manner does not please me."

He longed to retort. "Nor do you please me"; but he was merely a fly in the spider's web—he could not escape. He followed her. After all, he was a gentleman, and she was to bear his name.

"I am unfortunate, Miss Ransome," in having displeased you—pardon me. I had every intention of asking you the question with all due decorum—pray permit me to repeat it."

She was still so much of a child that she was puzzled what to answer. Her manner rather puzzled him too—it was so calm, so self-possessed. There was not the faintest flush on her face, no light in the grave, beautiful eyes, no latent smile—there was no little airs and graces such as surely belong to a young countess-elect.

"Do I understand you rightly?" said the grave, sweet, girlish voice. "Are you asking me to decide as to my wedding-day?"

"I am indeed so brave," he replied.

"Then I must decline to do so—my father will know best what time will suit him."

"I understood from Mr. Ransome that six weeks from now would be convenient," said the Earl.

Her face did not change—no flush or pallor told that the words had affected her.

(To be continued.)

Payment by Results.

While on one of his European tours, Coquelin, the actor, was in Constantinople at the same time as Mr. Vanderbilt, who invited him to come and recite some of his monologues on board the latter's yacht. There was a most exclusive audience consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt. The rate of payment had been previously arranged by Mr. Vanderbilt in a letter which ran as follows:

"You will cause our tears to flow six times, and I shall not think it too much if you charge me a hundred dollars each time. Besides, you will make us laugh twelve times, and considering the depressing state of the weather we are now having I am persuaded I ought not to pay you less than two hundred dollars every time.

After the performance Mr. Coquelin presented the following bill:

Mr. Vanderbilt to Mr. Coquelin, Dr.	
Six tears at $100 each	$ 600
Twelve fits of laughter at $200 each	2,400
Total	$3,000

How To Cook a Ham.

First soak your ham all night in water, which should cover it entirely. Then set it on the fire to boil. The rule for boiling a ham is fifteen minutes to each pound, so you can easily tell by weighing to the exact length of time that it will be necessary to cook it. When it is half boiled change the water, and to the last boiling add a cupful of molasses. When it is done set it to cool, and when it is cold enough skin it and put it in the oven to bake until the whole is nicely browned. Some people sprinkle it before putting it in the oven with brown sugar, which forms a sort of glaze. Some epicures cook it in champagne just at the last, others in beer; many lard it with cloves. An old Southern cook had a way of covering the whole ham after it was skinned with a dough paste made of flour and water and then putting it in the oven to bake. This, she claimed, confined all the juices to the ham, and the results she obtained were certainly delicious.

The amount of land in the United States that is owned by members of the House of Lords and British syndicates would be surprising to most Americans, who believe that America is owned by Americans. The aggregate shows the immense total of 20,841,666 acres, or an area greater than all of Ireland, 2,000,000 more than all of Scotland, and more than half as much as England and Wales.—*New York Herald.*

Baltimore has just had a convention of cemetery superintendents. One of the subjects discussed was the abolition of Sunday funerals and over-worked clergymen will be glad to know that the superintendents believe thoroughly in the reform.

Here is a good story about the little Crown Prince of Germany: A clergyman was recently explaining to him that all men are sinners, whereupon the royal pupil asked gravely if his father, the Emperor, was not an exception to this rule. "No," replied the clergyman, "he is not. The Kaiser is a sinner, like every other mortal." "Well, I am positive of one thing," insisted the little prince, "and that is, that my dear mother is no sinner."

Dukane—I read the other day that a German chemist has discovered a brilliant dye so expensive that enough of it to color a square inch of surface costs $100. Snaggs—Hush! "Hush? Why?" "I don't want my wife to hear you." "What difference would it make?" "Why, she'd insist on having a dress dyed with the stuff right away."

"Timmins is one of the most disagreeable fellows to play poker with I ever met." "Why? Does he always grumble when he loses?" "He never loses."

Husband—What are you sewing, Mary? Wife—I am sewing a suspender button on my skirt. H—And can you do it? W.—Can I do it? Why, of course I can. What makes you ask such a foolish question? H.—Nothing much. Only I thought you couldn't sew on suspender buttons.

It is becoming the fashion in England to give domestic animals as wedding presents. When Miss Loftus was married Queen Victoria, instead of the customary Indian shawl, sent her a beautiful white collie.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

"Too Many of We."

Mamma, is there too many of we?
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see
If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old—this one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way.
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were a half-dozen who around her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,
And fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss no time, no place;
For the little one least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Claire,
In her tiny white trundle-bed,
Lay with her blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so,
When there ain't so many of we."

And the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

The devil knows men too well to be seen with a long face.—*Ram's Horn.*

The greatest man in the world is the man who can wait patiently, and work while waiting.

She—Who played the principal part in the operetta at the Van Ogden's last night? He—The orchestra.

Lord Randolph Churchill brought a dead lion and a lioness from Africa, which have been mounted by a taxidermist as ornaments in his London residence.

A young man who was admitted to the Philadelphia bar three years ago has just secured his first case. He has sued his washerwoman, who won't return his linen because he owes an old bill.

Wife—Aren't you coming to church this evening? Husband—No, my dear, I'm going round to the club to look through this morning's papers. Wife—Can't you sleep just as comfortably in church?

Health officer—You cannot land in this country unless you are willing to subject yourself to its laws. Anarchist—What are its laws? Health officer—First you must be washed— Anarchist—Then I'm going back.

Mamma—I am perfectly discouraged. Tommy, I don't believe you will ever amount to anything, you are so indolent. Tommie—Well, I guess the teacher don't think so, cause she said that I made more trouble than any boy in school.

William (out shopping)—Sarah, do you see that little sign that says, "Hamburg edging this way." Sarah—Yes, William, what of it? William—Well, if Hamburg is edging this way with all of its cholera, why the quicker we kin git out of here the better.

"What has happened to you? You look vexed." "I should think so. This morning I was just going to be very angry about something, when some one spoke to me, and I have been trying the whole day to think what I was going to be angry about, and I can't do it."

"It was not that I was not posted on the ways of fish, and on fishing and on where fish were to be found," explained the returned fisherman; "I was thoroughly posted in every particular, and so were the streams; and that was what was the matter. So I posted home."

Employer—You took a day off to go fishing yesterday. Employee—Yes, sir. "Catch anything?" "Nothing, sir." Employer (making a powerful effort to appear calm)—Come up to my house this evening. I want to have a talk with you about taking you into partnership.

Tom Anjery, a student, applied to the professor for permission to be absent. "I should like to be excused this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out driving." The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles and said slowly: "Want to take your sister out driving, do you? Is she any relation to you?"

Briggs—How is Peterkin getting along with his wife? She seemed rather a high-spirited girl. Griggs—Nothing could be smoother. I tell you, old man, it's a case of genuine love. The girl just worships him. Briggs—What makes you think so? Griggs—Why, they have been married six months, and he told me confidentially the other day that she still continued to put his studs in his dress shirt.

There were only two people in the saloon at that hour besides the white apron behind the bar. One of them was three-fourths drunk and four-fifths asleep in the corner, and the other, with a blistered red nose, was pacing up and down the sawdust in front of him. He followed the movements of the walker with half-open, unsteady eyes for nearly half an hour and then called the barkeeper. "I shay, barkeep," he muttered as that gentleman came over. "I shay." "Well, what is it, drunkie?" inquired the barkeeper, pleasantly. "I shay, how longsh thash torshlight p'cession goin' t' be marshin' through here? I wan' go 't shleep."

An energetic German professor was conducting a musical society. They were studying Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and had reached the chorus "Hear us, Baal; hear, mighty God!" The men's voices were booming out sonorously, when the conductor cried out, "No—de dreadful vowel! Don't say B-a-l-e; soften a leetle—give de more musical sound, Bal." Whereupon the chorus took up the strain again, "Hear us, Bawl; hear us, Bawl!"—but they quickly realized the peculiar fitness of the sentiment and broke down in laughter, to the great amazement of the little German, who never saw the joke, but who returned reluctantly to the old pronunciation.

Detroit *Free Press*: The happiest couple I ever knew were a man and his wife who lived in two or three tiny rooms in a block, and with limited means enjoyed all the comforts of home. The man had a profession, but it was a very lowly one; he clipped the ears and tails of dogs for a living, and sold illustrated books on dogs and their food. His home was the neatest place I ever saw; his wife was a pretty woman, wholesome and cleanly, with a principle showing in all her actions. She did her own work, and her cooking was something to remember. It was no trouble to her to prepare a meal. She would take three tomatoes and a handful of crackers and give "Jim" a dish of escalloped tomatoes of which a caterer might have been proud. They had birds and books and love, and life always seemed like a holiday to them; they enjoyed it like children and each was perfectly happy with the other. I like to think of them often, and hope that luxury and selfishness have not drifted them apart or made life other than the beautiful thing it was when I first knew them. They are among the fortunate few who have no artificial wants.

Among Queen Victoria's choice china is a Sevres dessert service valued at £50,000.

"What did Miss Marvin do when you kissed her?" "Rung it up on a little bell punch she carries."

Dicky—She called me "dear." Penelope—Nonsense! Dickey—Yes, she did. She said, "Oh, dear, why don't you go?"

Perdita—Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy. Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble in getting your father's consent? Perdita—No; but papa and I had an awful lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent.

The present Commander-in-Chief of the Moorish army is a Scotchman, Kaid Maclean. It was he who reorganized the Sultan's forces.

Chappie—I'll bet you $10 I can borrow $10 sooner than you can. Cholly—Done—lend me $10 to put up. Chappie—Certainly, dear boy (and then he faints).

Mrs. Squabbel—You ought to stay home nights. You're no longer a gay young husband. Mr. Squabbel (astutely)—No. I'm merely a gay young woman's husband.

Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife? Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters.

Plenty of Family.—Friend—So you've married since we last met, Snobley. Any family? Snobley—Oh, yes! She's a Mountfitzflatheringhame on her mother's side.

The rudder of the New Cunard liner, the Campania, is so large a piece of steel that no British firm could forge it, and the order had to be sent to Krupp's gunworks at Essen.

Larkin (to his wife)—Did you hear of the Rev. Dr. Thirdly's fall? Mrs. Larkin—Dear me, no! What has he done? Larkin—He has fallen heir to $50,000 by the death of an uncle.

Professor (who has sent the servant girl after a light, and who was slow in bringing it)—Katie, light travels at the rate of 100,000 miles a second. Where did you go to get that light?

Tapely—You are an orphan? Miss Summergirl—Yes. Tapely, much disturbed—Well, whose consent must I ask in order to marry you? Miss Summergirl—Well, you might ask mine.

Algy—Mr. Bunker, I think I have been in your employ long enough to be entitled to an increase in salary. Bunker, I agree with you partly, Mr. Bliffers. I think you have been in my employ long enough. You can go.

Gros Binet is the most ignorant of men. Entering a bookseller's shop he said: "I want a nice book, something in the historical line." "Would you like the 'Last Days of Pompeii?" "What did he die of?" "An eruption, I believe."

The power of expansion which fungi possess is wonderful. Great toadstools will sometimes lift heavy paving stones out of their beds, and it was once necessary to repave the whole of a certain town in England in consequence of such a disturbance.

Insects generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their body, and if these pores are closed by oil they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp; it very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

Snobbs (fishing for a compliment)—Aw—Miss Sparks, I'm afraid you do not find—aw—my conversation very entertaining. Miss Sparks (with enthusiasm)—Indeed I do, Mr. Snobbs. You seem to be able to talk intelligently on the simplest topic, and the more trivial the subject the more you have to say.

The Flat-Hunter (to the proprietor of the Hoetong flats)—And you say you have no typhoid, measles or diphtheria, no poor sanitation, no balky janitor, no children, no singers and no young lady pianists in the house? The Proprietor—Not one of them, sir. The Flat-Hunter—Then I guess I can't come. I'd like to. But I haven't been a saintly man heretofore in this life, I don't feel that I deserve it.

To My Winter Girl.

You fled from me in early spring
To enter on your summer's reign;
But now the summer's past and gone,
Dear one come back to me again.

I ask not where you've been these months
That in the city I have toiled;
How many men you've flirted with,
How many hearts you have despoiled.

I crave no reckoning with you, sweet,
Some grains of constancy I lack;
But now the air is getting crisp,
I only say, "Come back, come back."

So heed thee, speed thee, Time flits by;
All summer long I've scrimped for thee.
My cash awaits thy winning smile,
My winter girl, come back to me.

The most costly book in the world is the missal sent by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., of England, at the time when the title, defender of the faith, was conferred on that much-married monarch. For a number of years the book remained crown property, but Charles II., who had little use for missals, gave it to the ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, in whose family it remained until a few years ago, when the library of the Duke was sold at auction. The missal was purchased by the German Government, which paid for it in cash the enormous sum of $50,000. A much higher price than this, however, was once offered for a single volume. In 1512 Pope Julius II. was in need of money and endeavored to borrow. He was at that time the possessor of a Hebrew Bible, which, for some cause, the Jewish people of Venice desired to purchase. They offered to pay its weight in gold for the book, which was so heavy that the united strength of two men could barely lift it. The book was weighed, and the estimate made of its weight in gold was $105,000. Julius deemed this sum inadequate and declined to sell, so that the Vatican Hebrew Bible is justly entitled to the distinction of being the most valuable book in the world.

Do not Believe It.

Do not believe that Nerviline will cure neuralgia almost instantly. If your teeth ache console yourself with the reflection that pain can't last for ever. Don't use Nerviline; it might stop the pain. Rheumatism is often difficult to cure. Keep on rubbing the old fashioned liniment as a matter of respect to your grandfather's aunt. Nerviline is a new discovery that in itself ought to condemn it. Therefore cling to the old; suffer pain; avoid the use of Nerviline, the most powerful, penetrating, and certain pain remedy in the world.

The Villain Exposed.

Gazzam—There's a married man paying marked attention to Mrs. Bloobumper.

Mrs. Gazzam (shocked but intensely interested)—You don't say! Who is it?

Gazzam—Mr. Bloobumper.

Consumptives, Cheer up!

You are not going to die if you will but exercise a little common sense, and spend a paltry sum. You may be very feeble now, sitting bolstered up in the big arm-chair, but you may now throw up your hat or bonnet, and shout for joy! Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will save you if you take it according to directions. What you need is good new blood and rebuilt tissues. If you take Miller's Emulsion you will gain from five to ten pounds of flesh with each bottle. There is no use wasting words. A hint should be enough to a consumptive of the fact that Miller's preparation of Cod Liver Oil SAVES. In big bottles, 50c and $1, at all Drug Stores.

A Crushing Bereavement.

Sympathetic Friend—Dear me, old fellow! I'm sorry to see you in mourning—I hadn' heard—whom have you lost?

Suburban Resident—Our cook—she left last week.

The Summer

Comes and brings with it aching corns. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to remove corns promptly, painlessly, and with absolute certainty. Try Putman's Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

At the Museum of Art.

William Ann—You'd better give your parasol to that young man before you go in.

Auntie Treetop—What for?

William Ann—You might the break statuary.

Auntie Treetop—I suppose folks do get excited. I notice half the old statues has lost a head or an arm.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

Hot Baths For Rheumatism.

In spite of its being an essentially moist and rainy country, rheumatism in all its forms is a rarity among the natives of Japan, while the Europeans residing there are almost all rheumatic. This immunity is believed to be due to the use of very hot baths, which is universal in Japan. A Japanese bathes once, sometimes twice a day.—*Medical Record.*

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For Superfluous Hairs.

Several requests have been sent in for a remedy for superfluous hair. The following depilatory powder, found in the last number of the *Doctor*, is said to be effective:

Sulphide of barium	50 parts
Starch	25 parts
Oxide of zinc	25 parts

This is mixed with water so as to form a soft paste, and spread upon the face. In ten minutes' time it is scraped off and the kin is now found to be smooth.

Science is ever finding ways to comfort the unfortunate. Two doctors found on an ordinary bank bill enough disease germs to kill six rats.

Von Moltke's famous economy in language used to inspire bets among the officers and staff every year as the King's birthday came around, as to the number of words he would employ in proposing his master's health. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say, "To the health of His Majesty, Emperor and King," or, "To His Imperial Majesty's Health." In 1883 an oyster breakfast was staked on the Marshal's not using more than nine words, but, because he began with the word "gentlemen," the bet was lost. Thereupon the loser found such comfort as he could in declaring that the General was growing loquacious in his old age.

TEXAS BALSAM

CORKS, GALLS, SORE SHOULDERS, SCRATCHES, or any WOUNDS on HORSES or CATTLE Quickly Healed. Speedy Cure GUARANTEED if you use TEXAS BALSAM. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price 25 Cents, By C. F. SEGSWORTH TORONTO, CAN. AGENTS Wanted Everywhere. TESTIMONIALS.

A LEEDS CO. MIRACLE.

A Story Containing a Lesson for Parents.

The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes—Not Through Wilful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.

(Brockville Times.)

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with nowadays is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eye, light in step and joyous in spirits; but, alas, how far from this is their condition. Their complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing smyptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anæmia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds county, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of the *Times* by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffat had read the numerous articles in the *Times* regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvellous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some 16 years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless, she was oppressed by constant head aches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffat's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color began to return to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general reconstructor, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor, ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous protrations and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never so'd in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Latest Improvement.

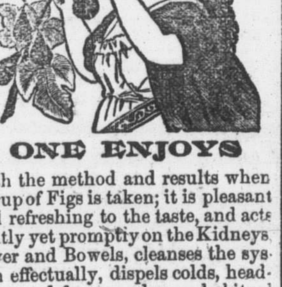
"John, is the cistern full?"

"It rained all night, and its running over."

"Then write on all the bills of fare 'nothing but distilled water used in this hotel.'

WHEN suffering from toothache use Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Sold by all druggists.

The Married Man—I tell my wife, everything, sir—everything. The Bachelor—Ever tell her a lie? The Married Man—Didn't I say I tell her everything?



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NOTE In replying to any of the Advertisements kindly mention this paper.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Are a BLOOD BUILDER and NERVE TONIC. They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the Blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that affects so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN

(young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN

afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for $2.50.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO.,
Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Send 25c and have your name in the only AGENTS' Directory in Canada
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HARVEST EXCURSION
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THE PECOS VALLEY,
The Fruit Belt of New Mexico.
Tickets may be bought at DETROIT CHICAGO to
EDDY, NEW MEXICO,
And return, good twenty days, at
ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP
This is the last chance of the year to see the famous valley at so small an expense.
DON'T MISS IT
For further particulars address
G. O. SHIELDS,
Eddy, New Mexico.

Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

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11 THRILLING Detective Stories, 16 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs, 10 cents (silver). Ind. Nov. Co., Boyleston, Ind.

CANCER Killed in the Blood, before it fully develops
DR. KISTLER, Columbus, O.

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For our fast-selling Subscription Books Bibles and Albums. Send for Circular. Address, WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

MICHIGAN LANDS FOR SALE. 12,000 Acres of good Farming Lands, title perfect, on Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena & Loon Lake Railroads at prices, ranging from $3 to $5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, etc., and will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, or to J. W. CURTIS, Whitmore Mich. Please mention this paper when writing.

$500 NET PROFIT THIS LAST JULY on three acres of grapes. Vines planted less than three years. $25.00 net profit per acre this last June on Blackberries grown on the sand hills of North Carolina—the coming fruit centre of the United States. Only 1 hours from New York; land very cheap. Pure air and water; noted as a health resort. For full particulars send 5 cents (silver) for 3 copies of "OUR SOUTHERN HOME," a 40-page Magazine. Address, M. H. Pride, Immigration Agent, Box 50, Hamlet, North Carolina.

FARMS AND FARMING LANDS.

80 ACRES—45 ACRES CLEARED frame house and barn, 2½ miles from county-seat of Gladwin County, Mich., for sale at $1,400.
160 acres—65 acres under cultivation—2 miles from county-seat, $2,700.
10,000 acres at $6 per acre. Address,
EUGENE FOSTER, Gladwin, Mich.

A GOOD-LUCK-PREMIUM GOOD FOR $2.00 SEND TO US
"THE DOLLAR" MAKER
ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT—OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. OF OUR
KNITTING MACHINES
CREELMAN BROS. M'G'RS
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NEW & 2ND MACHINERY
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
H. W. PETRIE
TORONTO, CANADA.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL,
With Bagging attachment, is the Best Mill made in Canada to-day.
30,000 Now In Use.
Send for a Circular and Price List, FREE Address,
MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DOMINION SILVER COMPANY
WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT certain parties, without proper authority are using our name and reputation to secure orders for goods of an inferior quality. The Public are notified that all our goods are stamped with our name so that the imposition can be detected at once.
We want several more pushing men to act as agents
DOMINION SILVER COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED
Men to distribute advertising and take order for Electric Appliances; $60.00 per month. Address, with stamp,
NATIONAL ELECTRIC BELT CO.
No. 101 Bay Street, Toronto.

I CURE FITS!
Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.